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LITERARY.

THE DICE.

From the German.

This induced him to quit the city, and to change his residence continually. All the different baths of Germany he resorted to beyond other towns; but, though his dice perseveringly maintained their luck, he yet never accumulated any money. Every thing was squandered upon the dissipated life which he and his family pursued.

At length at the baths of — the matter began to take an unfortunate turn. A violent passion for a beautiful young lady whom Rudolph had attached himself to in vain at balls, concerts, and even at church, suddenly bereft him of all sense and discretion. One night, when Schroll (who now styled himself Captain Von Schrollshausen) was anticipating a master-stroke, from his dice, probably for the purpose of winning the lady by the display of overflowing wealth and splendour,—suddenly they lost their virtue, and failed him without warning. Hitherto they had lost only when he willed them to lose: but, on this occasion, they failed at so critical a moment as to lose him not only all his money, but a good deal beside that he had borrowed.

Foaming with rage, he came home. He asked furiously after his wife: she was from home. He examined the dice attentively; and it appeared to him that they were not his own. A powerful suspicion seized upon him. Madame Von Schrollshausen had her own gaming circle as well as himself. Without betraying its origin, he had occasionally given her a few specimens of the privilege attached to his dice: and she had pressed him earnestly to allow her the use of them for a single evening. It was true he never parted with them even on going to bed: but it was possible that they might have been changed whilst he was sleeping. The more he brooded upon this suspicion, the more it strengthened: from being barely possible, it became probable: from a probability it ripened into a certainty; and

this certainty received the fullest confirmation at this moment when she returned home in the gayest temper, and announced to him that she had been this night overwhelmed with good luck; in proof of which, she poured out upon the table a considerable sum in gold coin. "And now," she added laughingly, "I care no longer for your dice; nay, to tell you the truth, I would not exchange my own for them."

Rudolph, now confirmed in his suspicions, demanded the dice—as his property that had been purloined from him. She laughed and refused. He insisted with more vehemence; she retorted with warmth; both parties were irritated; and, at length in the extremity of his wrath, Rudolph snatched up a knife and stabbed her: the knife pierced her heart; she uttered a single sob—was convulsed for a moment—and expired. "Cursed accident!" he exclaimed, when it clearly appeared, on examination, that the dice she had in her purse were not those which he suspected himself to have lost.

No eye but Rudolph's had witnessed the murder: the child had slept on undisturbed: but circumstances betrayed it to the knowledge of the landlord; and, in the morning he was preparing to make it public. By great offers, however, Rudolph succeeded in purchasing the man's silence: he engaged in substance to make over to the landlord a large sum of money, and to marry his daughter, with whom he had long pursued a clandestine intrigue. Agreeably to this arrangement, it was publicly notified that Madame Schrollshausen had destroyed herself under a sudden attack of hypochondriasis, to which she had been long subject. Some there were undoubtedly who chose to be sceptics on this matter: but nobody had an interest sufficiently deep in the murdered person to prompt him to a legal inquiry.

A fact, which at this time gave Rudolph far more disturbance of mind than the murder of his once beloved wife, was—the full confirmation, upon repeated experience, that his dice had forfeited their power. For he had now been a loser for two days running to so great

an extent, that he was obliged to abscond on a misty night. His child, towards whom his affection increased daily, he was under the necessity of leaving with his host as a pledge for his return and fulfilment of his promises. He would not have absconded, if it had been in his power to summon his dark counsellor forthwith: but on account of the great festival of Pentecost, which fell on the very next day, this summons was necessarily delayed for a short time. By staying he would have reduced himself to the necessity of inventing various pretexts for delay, in order to keep up his character with his creditors: whereas, when he returned with a sum of money sufficient to meet his debts, all suspicions would be silenced at once.

In the metropolis of an adjacent territory, to which he resorted so often, that he kept lodgings there constantly, he passed Whitsunday with impatience—and resolved on the succeeding night to summon and converse with his counsellor. Impatient, however, as he was of any delay, he did not on that account feel the less anxiety as the hour of midnight approached. Though he was quite alone in his apartments, and had left his servant behind at the baths,—yet long before midnight he fancied that he heard footsteps and whisperings round about him. The purpose he was meditating, that he had regarded till now as a matter of indifference, now displayed itself in its whole monstrous shape. Moreover, he remembered that his wicked counsellor had himself thought it necessary to exhort him to courage, which at present he felt greatly shaken. However, he had no choice. As he was enjoined therefore, with the last stroke of twelve he set on fire the wood which lay ready split upon the hearth, and threw the dice into the flames, with a loud laughter that echoed frightfully from the empty hall and stair cases. Confused, and half stifled by the smoke which accompanied the roaring flames, he stood still for a few minutes, when suddenly all the surrounding objects seemed changed and he found himself transported to his father's house. His father was lying on his death-bed just as

he had actually been dead. He had upon his lips the very same expression of supplication and anguish with which he had at that time striven to address him. Once again he stretched out his arms in love and pity to his son; and once again he seemed to expire in the act.

Schroll was agitated by the picture, which called up and re-animated in his memory, with the power of a mighty tormentor, all his honourable plans and prospects from that innocent period of his life. At this moment the dice cracked for the first time; and Schroll turned his face towards the flames. A second time the smoke stifled the light in order to reveal a second picture. He saw himself on the day before the scene of the sand-hill sitting in his dungeon. The clergyman was with him. From the expression of his countenance he appeared to be just saying—"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Rudolph thought of the disposition in which he then was—of the hopes which the clergyman had raised in him—and of the feeling which he then had that he was still worthy to be re-united to his father, or had become worthy by bitter penitence. The next fracture of the die disturbed the scene—but to substitute one that was not at all more consolatory. For now appeared a den of thieves, in which the unhappy widow of Weber was cursing her children who—left without support, without counsel, without protection, had taken to evil courses. In the back ground stood the bleeding father of these ruined children, one hand stretched out towards Schroll with a menacing gesture, and the other lifted towards heaven with a record of impeachment against him.

At the third splitting of the dice, out of the bosom of the smoke arose the figure of his murdered wife, who seemed to chase him from one corner of the room to another, until at length she came and took a seat at the fire-place; by the side of which, as Rudolph now observed with horror, his buried father, and the unhappy Weber, had stretched themselves; and they carried on together a low and noiseless whispering and moaning that agitated him with a mysterious horror.

After long and hideous visions, Rudolph beheld the flames grow weaker and weaker. He approached. The figures that stood round about held up their hands in a threatening attitude. A moment later, and the time was gone for

ever; and Rudolph, as his false friend had asserted, was a lost man. With the courage of despair he plunged through the midst of the threatening figures, and snatched at the glowing dice,—which were no sooner touched than they split asunder, with a dreadful sound before which the apparitions vanished in a body.

The evil counsellor appeared on this occasion in the dress of a grave-digger, and asked with a snoring sound—"What wouldst thou from me?"

"I would remind you of your promise," answered Schroll, stepping back with awe: "your dice have lost their power."

"Through whose fault?"

Rudolph was silent, and covered his eyes from the withering glances of the fiendish being who was gazing upon him.

"Thy foolish desires led thee in chase of the beautiful maiden into the church: my words were forgotten; and the benediction, against which I warned thee, disarmed the dice of their power. In future, observe my directions better."

So saying, he vanished; and Schroll found three new dice upon the hearth.

After such scenes, sleep was not to be thought of; and Rudolph resolved, if possible, to make trial of his dice this very night. The ball at the hotel over the way, to which he had been invited, and from which the steps of the waltzers were still audible, appeared to present a fair opportunity. Thither he repaired; but not without some anxiety, lest some of the noises in his own lodgings should have reached the houses over the way. He was happy to find this fear unfounded. Everything appeared as if calculated only for his senses: for when he inquired with assumed carelessness what great explosion that was which occurred about midnight, nobody acknowledged to having heard it.

The dice also, he was happy to find, answered his expectations. He found a company engaged at play: and by the break of day he had met with so much luck, that he was immediately able to travel back to the baths, and to redeem his child and his word of honour.

In the baths he now made as many new acquaintances as the losses were important which he had lately sustained. He was reputed one of the wealthiest cavaliers in the place; and many who had designs upon him in consequence of this reputed wealth, willingly lost money to him to favour their own schemes: so that in a single month he

gained sums which would have established him as a man of fortune. Under countenance of this reputation, and as widower, no doubt he might now have made successful advances to the young lady whom he had formerly pursued: for her father had an exclusive regard to property; and would have overlooked morals and respectability of that sort in any candidate for his daughter's hand. But with the largest offers of money, he could not purchase his freedom from the contract made with his landlord's daughter—a woman of very disreputable character. In fact, six months after the death of his first wife, he was married to her.

By the unlimited profusion of money with which his second wife sought to wash out the stains upon her honour, Rudolph's new raised property was as speedily squandered. To part from her was one of the wishes which lay nearest his heart: he had however never ventured to express it a second time before his father-in-law: for on the single occasion when he had hinted at such an intention, that person had immediately broken out into the most dreadful threats. The murder of his first wife was the chain which bound him to his second. The boy, whom his first wife had left him, closely as he resembled her in features and in the bad traits of her character, was his only comfort—if indeed his gloomy and perturbed mind would allow him at any time to taste of comfort.

To preserve this boy from the evil influences of the many bad examples about him, he had already made an agreement with a man of distinguished abilities, who was to have superintended his education in his own family. But all was frustrated. Madame Von Schrollshausen, whose love of pomp and display led her eagerly to catch at every pretext for creating a fete, had invited a party on the evening before the young boy's intended departure. The time which was not occupied in the eating-room, was spent at the gaming table, and dedicated to the dice, of whose extraordinary powers the owner was at this time availing himself with more zeal than usual—having just invested all his disposable money in the purchase of a landed estate. One of the guests having lost very considerable sums in an uninterrupted train of ill-luck, threw the dice, in his vexation, with such force upon the table, that one of them fell down. The attendants searched for it

on the floor; and the child also crept about in quest of it: not finding it, he rose; and in rising stepped upon it, lost his balance, and fell with such violence against the edge of the stove—that he died in a few hours of the injury inflicted on the head.

This accident made the most powerful impression upon the father. He recapitulated the whole of his life from the first trial he had made of the dice. From them had arisen all his misfortunes. In what way could he liberate himself from their accursed influence?—Revolving this point, and in the deepest distress of mind, Schroll wandered out towards night-fall and strolled through the town. Coming to a solitary bridge in the outskirts, he looked down from the battlements upon the gloomy depths of the waters below, which seemed to regard him with looks of sympathy and strong fascination. "So be it then! he exclaimed, and sprang over the railing. But, instead of finding his grave in the waters, he felt himself below seized powerfully by the grasp of a man—whom, from his scornful laugh, he recognized as his evil counsellor. The man bore him to the shore, and said—"No, no my good friend: he that once enters into a league with me—him I shall deliver from death even in his own despite."

Half crazy with despair, the next morning Schroll crept out of the town with a loaded pistol. Spring was abroad—spring flowers, spring breezes, and nightingales: they were all abroad, but not for him, or his delight. A crowd of itinerant tradesmen passed him, who were on their road to a neighbouring fair. One of them observing him dejected countenance with pity, attached himself to his side, and asked him in a tone of sympathy what was the matter. Two others of the passers-by Schroll heard distinctly saying—"Faith, I should not like for my part to walk alone with such an ill-looking fellow." He darted a furious glance at the men, separated from his pitying companion, with a fervent pressure of his hand, and struck off into a solitary track of the forest. In the first retired spot, he fired the pistol: and behold! the man who had spoken to him with so much kindness lies stretched in his blood, and he himself is without a wound. At this moment, while staring half unconsciously at the fate of the murdered man, he feels himself seized from behind. Already he seems to himself in the hands of the public exe-

cutioner. Turning round, however, he hardly knows whether to feel pleasure or pain on seeing his evil suggester in the dress of a grave-digger. "My friend," said the grave-digger, "if you cannot be content to wait for death until I send it, I must be forced to end with dragging you to that from which I began by saving you—a public execution. But think not thus, or by any other way, to escape me. After death thou wilt assuredly be mine again."

"Who, then," said the unhappy man, "who is the murderer of the poor traveller?"

"Who? why, who, but yourself? was it not yourself that fired the pistol?"

"Aye, but at my own head."

The fiend laughed in a way that made Schroll's flesh creep on his bones. "Understand this, friend, that he whose fate I hold in my hands cannot anticipate it by his own act. For the present, begone, if you would escape the scaffold. To oblige you once more, I shall throw a veil over this murder."

Thereupon the grave-digger set about making a grave for the corpse, whilst Schroll wandered away—more for the sake of escaping the hideous presence in which he stood, than with any view to his own security from punishment.

Seeing by accident a prisoner under arrest at the guard-house, Schroll's thoughts reverted to his own confinement. "How happy," said he, "for me and for Charlotte—had I then refused to purchase life on such terms, and had better laid to heart the counsel of my good spiritual adviser!—Upon this a sudden thought struck him!—that he would go and find out the old clergyman, and would unfold to him his wretched history and situation. He told his wife that some private affairs required his attendance for a few days at the town of ——. But, say what he would, he could not prevail on her to desert from accompanying him.

On the journey his chief anxiety was—lest the clergyman, who was already advanced in years, at the memorable scene of the sand-hill, might now be dead. But at the very entrance of the town he saw him walking in the street, and immediately felt himself more composed in mind than he had done for years. The venerable appearance of the old man confirmed him still more in his resolution of making a full disclosure to him of his whole past life: one only transaction, the murder of his first wife, he thought himself justified in conceal-

ing; since, with all his penitence for it, that act was now beyond the possibility of reparation.

For a long time, the pious clergyman refused all belief to Schroll's narrative; but being at length convinced that he had a wounded spirit to deal with, and not a disordered intellect, he exerted himself to present all those views of religious consolation which his philanthropic character and his long experience suggested to him as likely to be effectual. Eight days' conversation with the clergyman restored Schroll to the hopes of a less miserable future. But the good man admonished him at parting to put away from himself whatsoever could in any way tend to support his unhallowed connexion.

In this direction Schroll was aware that the dice were included: and he resolved firmly that his first measure on returning home should be to bury in an inaccessible place these accursed implements that could not but bring mischief to every possessor. On entering the inn, he was met by his wife, who was in the highest spirits, and laughing profusely. He inquired the cause. "No," said she: "you refused to communicate your motive for coming hither, and the nature of your business for the last week; I too shall have my mysteries. As to your leaving me in solitude at an inn, that is a sort of courtesy which marriage naturally brings with it: but that you should have travelled hither for no other purpose than that of trifling away your time in the company of an old tedious parson, that (you will allow me to say) is a caprice which seems scarcely worth the money it will cost."

"Who then has told you that I have passed my time with an old parson?" said the astonished Schroll.

"Who told me? Why, just let me know what your business was with the parson, and I'll let you know in turn who it was that told me. So much I will assure you however, now—that the cavalier, who was my informant, is a thousand times handsomer, and a more interesting companion, than an old dotard who is standing at the edge of the grave."

All the efforts of Madame Von Schrollshausen to irritate the curiosity of her husband proved ineffectual to draw from him his secret. The next day on their return homewards she repeated her attempts. But he parried them all with firmness. A more severe trial to his firmness was prepared for him in the

heavy bills which his wife presented to him on his reaching home. Her expenses in clothes and in jewels had been so profuse, that no expedient remained to Schroll but that of selling without delay the landed estate he had so lately purchased. A declaration to this effect was very ill received by his wife. "Sell the estate?" said she: "what, sell the sole resource I shall have to rely on when you are dead? And for what reason, I should be glad to know; when a very little of the customary luck of your dice will enable you to pay off these trifles? And whether the bills be paid to-day or to-morrow—cannot be of any very great importance." Upon this, Schroll declared with firmness that he never meant to play again. "Not play again!" exclaimed his wife, "pooh! pooh! you make me blush for you! So then, I suppose it's all true, as was said, that scruples of conscience drove you to the old rusty parson; and that he enjoined as a penance that you should abstain from gaming? I was told as much: but I refused to believe it; for in your circumstances the thing seemed too senseless and irrational."

"My dear girl," said Schroll, "consider—"

"Consider! what's the use of considering: what is there to consider about?" interrupted Madame Von Schrollshausen: and, recollecting the gay cavalier whom she now for the first time proposed a separation herself. "Very well," said her husband, "I am content." "So am I," said his father-in-law, who joined them at that moment. "But take notice that first of all I must have paid over to me an adequate sum of money for the creditable support of my daughter; else——"

Here he took Schroll aside; and the old threat of revealing the murder so utterly disheartened him, that at length in despair he consented to his terms.

Once more, therefore, the dice were to be tried; but only for the purpose of accomplishing the separation: that over, Schroll resolved to seek a livelihood in any other way, even if it were as a day labourer. The stipulated sum was at length all collected within a few hundred dollars: and Schroll was already looking out for some old disused well into which he might throw the dice and then have it filled up: for even a river seemed a hiding-place not sufficiently secure for such instruments of misery.

Remarkable it was on the very night, when the last arrears were to be obtain-

ed of his father-in-law's demand,—a night which Schroll had anticipated with so much bitter anxiety—that he became unusually gloomy and dejected. He was particularly disturbed by the countenance of a stranger, who for several days running had lost considerable sums. The man called himself Stutz: but he had a most striking resemblance to his old comrade, Weier, who had been shot at the Sand-hill; and differed indeed in nothing but in the advantage of blooming youth. Scarce had he leisure to recover from the shock which this spectacle occasioned, when a second occurred. About midnight another man, whom nobody knew, came up to the gaming-table—and interrupted the play by recounting an event which he represented as having just happened. A certain man, he said, had made a covenant with some person or other, that they call the Evil One—or what is it you call him? and by means of this covenant he had obtained a steady run of good luck at play. "Well, Sir" (he went on,) "and would you believe it, the other day he began to repent of this covenant: my gentleman wanted to rat, he wanted to rat, Sir. Only first of all, he resolved privately to make up a certain sum of money. Ah! the poor idiot! he little knew whom he had to deal with: the Evil One, as they choose to call him was not a man to let himself be swindled in that manner. No, no, my good friend. I saw—mean, the Evil One saw—what was going on betimes; and he secured the swindler just as he fancied himself on the point of pocketing the last arrears of the sum wanted."

The company began to laugh so loudly at this pleasant fiction as they conceived it, that Madame Von Schrollshausen was attracted from the adjoining room. The story was repeated to her: and she was the more delighted with it because in the relater she recognized the gay cavalier whom she had met at the inn. Every body laughed again, excepting two persons—Stutz and Schroll. The first had again lost all the money in his purse; and the second was so confounded by the story, that he could not forbear staring with fixed eyes on the stranger, who stood over against him. His consternation increased when he perceived that the stranger's countenance seemed to alter at every moment; and that nothing remained unchanged in it, except the cold expression of inhuman scorn, with which he perseveringly regarded himself.

At length he could endure this no longer; and he remarked, therefore, upon Stutz's losing a bet, that it was now late, that Mr. Stutz was too much in a run of bad luck; and that on these accounts he would defer the further pursuits of their play until another day. And, thereupon, he put the dice into his pocket.

"Stop!" said the strange cavalier; and the voice froze Schroll with horror; for he knew too well to whom the dreadful tone, and those fiery eyes, belonged.

"Stop!" he said again: "produce your dice!" And tremblingly Schroll threw them upon the table.

"Ah! I thought as much said the stranger: "they are loaded dice!" So saying, he called for a hammer, and struck one of them in two. "See!" said he to Stutz, holding out to him the broken die, which in fact seemed loaded with lead. "Stop vile impostor!" exclaimed the young man, as Schroll was preparing to quit the room in the greatest confusion; and he threw the dice at him, one of which lodged in his right eye. The tumult increased; the police came in; and Stutz was apprehended, as Schroll's wound assumed a very dangerous appearance.

Next day Schroll was in a violent fever. He asked repeatedly for Stutz. But Stutz had been committed to close confinement; it having been found that he had travelled with false passes. He now confessed that he was one of the sons of the mutineer Weber, that his sickly mother had died soon after his father's execution; and that himself and his brother, left without the control of guardians, and without support, had taken to bad courses.

On hearing this report, Schroll rapidly worsened; and he unfolded to a young clergyman his whole unfortunate history. About midnight, he sent again in great haste for the clergyman. He came. But at sight of him Schroll stretched out his hands in extremity of horror, and waved him away from his presence; but before his signals were complied with, the wretched man had expired in convulsions.

From his horror at the sight of the young clergyman, and from the astonishment of the clergyman himself, on arriving and hearing that he had already been seen in the sick-room, it was inferred that his figure had been assumed for fiendish purposes. The dice and the strange cavalier disappeared at the

same time with their wretched victim; and were seen no more.

OXFORD IN THE VACATION.

By the Hon. C. Lamb.

Casting a preparatory glance at the bottom of this article—as the wary connoisseur in prints, with cursory eye (which, while it reads, seems as though it read not,) never fails to consult the *quis sculpsit* in the corner, before he pronounces some rare piece to be a Vi-vares, or a Wollet—methinks I hear you exclaim, Reader, *Who is Elia?*

Because in my last I tried to divert thee with some half-forgotten humours of some old clerks defunct, in an old house of business, long since gone to decay, doubtless you have already set me down in your mind as one of the self-same college—a votary of the desk—a notched and cropt scrivener—one that sucks his sustenance, as certain sick people are said to do, through a quill.

Well, I do agnize something of the sort. I confess that it is my humour, my fancy—in the forepart of the day, when the mind of your man of letters requires some relaxation—(and none better than such as at first sight seems most abhorrent from his beloved studies)—to write away some good hours of my time in the contemplation of indigos, cottons, raw silks, piece-goods, flowered or otherwise.

In the first place * * * * *
* * * * *
and then it sends you home with such increased appetite to your books * * * * *

* * * * * not to say that your outside sheets, and waste wrappers of foolscap, do receive into them, most kindly and naturally the impressions of sonnets, epigrams, *essays*—so that the very parings of a counting house are, in some sort, the settings up of an author. The enfranchised quill, that has plodded all the morning among the cart-racks of figures and cypners, frisks and curvets so as its ease over the flowery carpet ground of a midnight dissertation.

* * * * * So that you see, upon the whole, the literary dignity of *Elia* is very little, if at all, compromised in the condescension.

Not that, in my anxious detail of the many commodities incidental to the lue of a public office, I would be thought blind to certain flaws, which a cunning carper might be able to pick in this Joseph's vest. And here I must have leave, in the fulness of my soul, to regret the abolition, and doing-away-with altogether, of those consulatory interstices, and sprinklings of freedom, through the four seasons,—the *red letter days*, now became, to all intents and purposes, *dead-letter days*. There was Paul, and Stephen, and Barnabas—

Andrew and John, men famous in old times.

—we were used to keep all their days holy, as

long back as I was at school at Christ's. I remember their effigies, by the same token, in the old Basket Prayer Book. There hung Peter in his uneasy posture—holy Bartlemy in the same troublesome act of slaying, after the famous Marsyas by Spagnoletti—I honoured them all, and could almost have wept the defalcation of Iscariot—so much did we love to keep holy memories sacred:—only methought I a little grudged at the colation of the *better Jude* with Simon—clubbing (as it were) their sanctities together, to make up one poor gaudy-day between them—as an economy unworthy of the dispensation.

These were bright visitations in a scholar's and a clerk's life—"far off their coming shone."—I was as good as an almanac in those days. I could have told you such a saint's-day falls out next week, or the week after. Peradventure the Epiphany, by some periodical infelicity, would, once in six years, merge in a Sabbath. Now am I little better than one of the profane. Let me not be thought to arraign the wisdom of my civil superiors, who have judged the further observation of these holy tides to be papistical, superstitious. Only in a custom of such long standing, methinks, if their Holinesses, the Bishops, had, in decency, been first sounded—but I am wading out of my depths. I am not the man to decide the limits of civil and ecclesiastical authority—I am plain *Elia*—no Selden, nor Archbishop Usher—though at present in the thick of their books, here in the heart of learning, under the shadow of the mighty Bodley.

I can here play the gentleman, enact the student. To such a one as myself, who has been defrauded in his young years of the sweet food of academic institution, no where is so pleasant, to while away a few idle weeks at, as one or other of the Universities. Their vacation too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with *ours*. Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please. I seem admitted *ad eundem*. I fetch up past opportunities, I can rise at the chapel-bell, and dream that it rings for me. In moods of humility I can be a Sizar, or a Servitor. When the peacock vein rises, I strut a Gentleman Commoner. In graver movements I proceed Master of Arts. Indeed I do not think I am much unlike that respectable character. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers, and bed-makers in spectacles, drop a bow or curtesy, as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black, which favours the notion. Only in Christ Church reverend quadrangle, I can be content to pass for nothing short of a Seraphic Doctor.

The walks at these times are so much one's own—the tall trees of Christ's, the groves of Magdalen! The halls deserted, and with open doors, inviting one to slip in unperceiv-

ed, and pay a devoir to some Founder, or noble or royal Benefactress (that should have been ours) whose portrait seems to smile upon their over-looked bedman, and to adopt me for their own. Then, to take a peep in by the way at the butteries, and sculleries, redolent of antique hospitality; the immense caves of kitchens, kitchen fire places, cordial recesses; ovens whose first pies were baked four centuries ago: and spits which have cooked for Chaucer! Not the meanest minister among the dishes but is hallowed to me through his imagination, and the Cook goes forth a Man-ciple.

Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou? that, being nothing, art every thing! when thou wert, thou wert not antiquity,—then thou wert nothing, but hadst a remoter antiquity, as thou calldst it, to look back to with blind veneration; thou thyself being to thyself flat, jejune, *modern*! What mystery lurks in this retroversion? or what half Janus-uses are we, that cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we for ever revert! The mighty future is as nothing, being every thing! the past is every thing, being nothing!

What were thy *dark ages*? Surely the sun rose as brightly then as now, and man got him to his work in the morning. Why is it that we can never hear mention of them without an accompanying feeling, as though a palpable obscure had dimmed the face of things, and that our ancestors wandered to and fro groping!

Above all thy rarities, old Oxenford, what do most arride and solace me, are thy repositories of mouldering learning, thy shelves

What a place to be in is an old library? It seems as though all the souls of all the writers, that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians, were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane, the leaves, their winding-sheets. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foilage; and the odour of their old moth-scented coverings, is fragrant as the first bloom of those scintial apples which grew amid the happy orchard.

Still less have I curiosity to disturb the elder repose of MSS. Those *varia lectiones*, so tempting to the more erudite palates, do but disturb and unsettle my faith. I am no Hier-culanean raker. The credit of the three witnesses might have slept unappeached for me. I leave these curiosities to Porson, and to G. D.—whom, by the way, I found busy as a moth over some rotten archive, rummaged out of some seldom-explored press, in a nook at Oriel. With long poring, he is grown almost a book. He stood as passive as one by the side of the old shelves. I longed to new-coat him in Russia, and assign him his place. He might have mustered for a tall Scapula.

D. is assiduous in his visits to these seats of learning. No inconsiderable portion of his moderate fortune, I apprehend, is consumed in journeys between them and Clifford inn — where like a dove on the ap's nest, he has long taken up his unconscious abode, amid an incongruous assembly of attorneys, attorneys-clerks, apparitors, promoters, vermin of the law, among whom he sits, "in calm and smug peace." The fangs of the law pierce him not—the winds of litigation blow over his humble chambers—the hard sheriff's officer moves his hat as he passes—legal nor illegal discourtesy touches him—none tanks of offering violence or injustice to him—you would as soon "strike an abstract idea."

D. has been engaged, he tells me, through a course of laborious years, in an investigation into all curious matter connected with the two Universities; and has lately hit upon a MS. collection of charters, relative to C —, by which he hopes to settle some disputed points—particularly that long controversy between them as to priority of foundation. The ardor to which he engages in these liberal pursuits, I am afraid, has not met with all the encouragement it deserved, either here or at C —. Your caputs and heads of colleges, care less than any body else about these questions. Contented to suck the milky fountains of their Alma Masters, without enquiring into the venerable gentleness of years, they rather hold such curiosities to be impertinent—unreverend. They have their good glebelands in *manua*, and care not much to rake into the title-deeds. I gather at least so much from other sources, for D. is not a man to complain.

D. darted like an unbroke heifer, when I interrupted him. *A priori* it was not very probable that we should have met in Oriol. But D. would have done the same, had I accosted him on the sudden in his own walks in Clifford's Inn, or in the Temple. In addition to a provoking short-sightedness (the effect of late studies and watchings at the midnight oil) D. is the most absent of men. He made a call the other morning at M's in Bedford-square; and, finding nobody at home, was ushered into the hall, where, asking for pen and ink, with great exactitude of purpose, he enters me his name in the book—which ordinarily lies about in such places, to record the failures of the untimely or unfortunate visitor—and takes his leave with many ceremonies, and professions of regret. Some two or three hours after, his walking destinies returned him into the same neighbourhood again, and again the quiet image of the fire-side circle at M's—Mrs. M. presiding at it like a Queen Lar, with pretty A. S. at her side—striking irresistibly on his fancy, he makes another call (forgetting that they were "certainly not to return from the country before

that day week") and disappointed a second time enquires for pen and paper as before: again the book is brought, and in the line just above that in which he is about to print his second name, (his re-script) his first name (scarce dry) looks out upon him like another *Socia*, or as if a man should suddenly encounter his own duplicate!—The effect may be conceived. D. made many a good resolution against any such lapses in future. I hope he will not keep them too rigorously.

For with G. D.—to be absent from the body, is sometimes (not to speak it profanely) to be present with the Lord. At the very time when, personally encountering thee, he passes on with no recognition—or, being stopped, starts like a thing surprized at that moment, reader, he is on Mount Tabor—or Parnassus—or cosphered with Plato—or, with Harrington, framing "immortal commonwealths" divising some plan of amelioration to thy country, or thy species—peradventure meditating some individual kindness or courtesy, to be done to *thee thyself*, the returning consciousness of which made him to start so guilty at thy obtruded personal presence.

D. commenced life, after a course of hard study in the "House of pure Emanuel," as usher to a knavish fanatic schoolmaster at***, at a salary of eight pounds per annum, with board and lodging. Of this poor stipend, he never received above half in all the laborious years he served this man. He tells a pleasant anecdote, that when poverty, staring out at his ragged knees, has sometimes compelled him, against the modesty of his nature, to hint at arrears, Dr. *** would take no immediate notice, but after supper, when the school was called together to even-song, he would never fail to introduce some instructive homily against riches, and the corruption of the heart occasioned through the desire of them—ending with "Lord keep thy servants, above all things, from the heinous sin of avarice. Having food and raiment, let us therewithal be content. Give me Agar's wish,"—and the like;—which, to the little auditory, sounded like a doctrine full of Christian prudence and simplicity,—but to poor D. was a receipt in full for that quarter's demands at least.

And D. has been under-working for himself ever since:—drudging at low rates for unappreciating booksellers,—wasting his fine erudition in silent corrections of the classics, and in those unostentatious but solid services to learning, which commonly fall to the lot of laborious scholars, who have not the art to sell themselves to the best advantage. He has published poems, which do not sell, because their character is inobtrusive like his own,—and because he has been too much absorbed in ancient literature, to know what the popular mark in poetry is, even if he could have hit it. And therefore, his verses are properly,

what he terms *their crutchels*, voluntaries; odes to Liberty, and Spring; effusions; little tributes, and offerings, left behind him, upon tables and window seats, at parting from friends' houses; and from all the *inns* of hospitality, where he has been courteously (or but tolerably) received in his pilgrimage. If his muse of kindness halt a little behind the strong lines, in fashion in this excitement-cra-ving age, his prose is the best of the sort in the world, and exhibits a faithful transcript of his own healthy natural mind, and cheerful innocent tone of conversation.

D. is delightful any where, but he is at the best in such places as those. He cares not much for Bath. He is out of his element at Buxton, at Scarborough, or Harrowgate. The Cam, and the Isis, are to him "better than all the waters of Demaseas." On the Muses' hill he is happy, and good, as one of the Shepherds on the Delectable Mountains; and when he goes about with you to show you the halls and colleges, you think you have with you the Interpreter at the House Beautiful.

ELIA.

Aug. 5th, 1820.

From my rooms facing the Bodleian.

CHARLES THE FIFTH, AND A MONK

Scene, a Convent in Estremadura.

Charles (after examining several watches lying on a work table before him.) After all my labours, no two of these inanimate instruments will go alike—yet I foolishly believed that I could controul the free agency of man and compel thirty millions of my fellow-creatures, gifted with faculties equal to my own, to adopt my creed, and set their faith by mine. Solitude and meditation have made me wiser:—but would my late acquired wisdom attend me through the intrigues and wiles of courts, and guide my will if placed again upon the throne? I fear not. Men act from passion, not from principle; and the source of error is rather in the heart than in the head.—I am weary of myself.—Ho! there (enter a servant)---Tell Brother Antonio, it is my will to see him (servant goes out.) His is the only mind, within these walls, with whom mine loves to commune. He is full of matter, and, unlike his brethren has energy of thought and strength of mind. (Enter Antonio.) Well, brother, I have sent for you to wile away the hour, between this and vespers; for solitude is wearisome to me at times, and makes me half regret the world I have forsaken.

Antonio. The sudden change from courts and camps to this sequestered valley, from the excitement of ambitious projects to this eventless life, must cause a shock which few minds could support like your's. You have not yielded to the charms of ease, nor has

your mind forgot her active energies. The head, accustomed once to put the wheels of government in motion, now guides the more obedient powers of mechanism, and can find employment in the rustic operations of our garden. I cannot thus employ my mind. I would consent to be the merest drudge on earth, provided I could pass from this secluded spot, and, wandering unobserved from place to place, contemplate the vast variety of human minds engaged in action.

Charles. How comes it, brother, while so many of your order and of this very house fill honourable stations in active life, that you cannot obtain permission to gratify your wish of visiting the world.

Antonio. The tale is long, but the substance may be comprehended in few words. I am a suspected man.

Charles. Suspected—of what?

Antonio. Of heresy. Our late prior, a man of great sagacity and knowledge, was in our younger days my bosom friend. He used to talk with freedom of Luther, and his doctrine of indulgences; of the monastic life and discipline; and sometimes hint in confidence, that if all houses were as lax in doctrine and in discipline, as our own, a Spanish reformation might be useful. They made him prior, and our friendship ceased. Some gross and flagrant cases of abuse received correction: but when I ventured to suggest some vital alterations in our system he called me Lutheran, and bade me, at my peril, propagate such devilish doctrines among the brotherhood. Verily he has his reward. He is now a Bishop. And if report say true, the first vacancy in the holy conclave will be filled by him.

Charles. I know him well. I had occasion to employ him in secret and important matters: these he dispatched ably and faithfully. He is a steady and an able advocate for Spanish rights and privileges. If Philip know his interest, he will place him in St. Peter's chair. I found him upright, meek, and humble; and wonder much a man like him should leave you here, unmindful of his former friendship.

Antonio. It is his friendship that confines me to these walls for life; for, in his valedictory discourse, delivered before the whole society, he bade them look to me and guard me well, for that I had the spirit of twenty Luthers struggling within me, as well as the interests of religion, demanded this from him as he was loth that I should incur the shame and guilt of schism from holy mother church.

Charles (after a pause.) You are acquainted with the works of Luther?

Antonio. Only with those which recommend a reformation of abuses: the later publications, which, as I hear, deny the au-

thority of his Holiness, and make a separation from our church a necessary duty, have not been read by me.

Charles. I have read them all. They have formed the serious subject of my studies in this retreat. It was my duty to have done the same, when seated on the throne. Yet, though I then neglected it, I acted as decidedly as if I had given the subject all the consideration which its importance demands. And now I am visited with strange compunctions and doubts, and sad misgivings overwhelm me. Think you, that God will visit in his wrath the man whose evil actions have originated in error, not in principle?

Antonio. My oracle, the Stagyræite, has discussed this very point, and has decided, that error is a voluntary crime, arising from neglect, or from unwillingness to investigate the truth, and that all offences originating from it are justly punishable.

Charles. The doctrine is hard, and I hope that, under the Christian dispensation, the Judge will not be so extreme in marking what is done amiss. When I drew the sword against the Lutherans, and bruised their leaders with a rod of iron, it was with the full belief that I was doing service both to God and man. Those in whose wisdom and integrity of mind I placed implicit confidence, urged me to act with vigour, as on the issue of the contest, not only the unity of the church depended, but the crowns of sovereigns, the social system nay, even our holy religion itself. Such was their language.

Antonio. I doubt not but that Dioclesian was induced by similar arguments, to issue orders for the extirpation of Christianity. And the scribes and pharisees advanced the very same, as reasons good and valid, why our blessed Saviour should be crucified. Yet his blood lies on their children's heads, to this day.

Charles. I fear that my account will be a heavy one; but I bless my God, who gave me strength and resolution to quit the world and, in some degree, prepare to enter on eternity. On the throne I never could have known my errors. The voice of flattery would have rung in my dying ears, and I should have lifted up these hands, steeped in blood of innocents, to the throne of grace, and shown them as my certain passports into Paradise. Now I shall meet the hour of death, come when it may, in a far different frame of mind. I have experienced the vanity of pomp and power—their wretched insufficiency to make us happy here, whilst they expose us to temptations which lessen our chance of happiness hereafter. I have been satiated even with success, have tried all ways of happiness, and found them ter-

minate in discontent and weariness of soul. If I had my course again to run, and had my choice, I would rather be, like you, a monk, than King of Spain.

Antonio. Say not like me, for I have been an useless burden on the earth. God gave me talents—I have buried them. My life has been a blank. Alive, I occupy no link in the social chain; and when I die, there will be no place vacant. Happiness has not visited my cell oftener than your throne. And my view beyond the grave is intercepted by clouds and darkness. I have committed as many crimes in one hour, as Nero during his whole reign. I have murdered in cold blood more than have been slain under your auspices on the field of battle.—But, worse than all, I have been guilty of every species of blasphemy in the solitude of my cell. I have denied with Pyrrho the existence of matter, and with Epicurus the immortality of the soul. I was formed for action, and the energies of my mind, being deprived of their natural vent, have preyed upon themselves. Even now, without a single tie to attach me to life, without one object to make it desirable, I dread the hour of dissolution, and am haunted with the perpetual idea, that my visionary crimes have rendered me liable to the punishment assigned to the realities.

Charles. I see that every situation in human life has its inseparable evils, and that the solitude of the cell is as dangerous to the active mind as the crowd of courts. We exhaust ourselves in vain attempts to obtain happiness here; and, as we advance in our course, like children who pursue the rainbow, perceive the object of pursuit equally distant as at first from us. At length, when the delusion ceases, we find ourselves entangled in a labyrinth, with a short and narrow vista before us, and that terminated by the grave. To it we must advance, willing or unwilling, and happy is he who is prepared to lay himself down in peace. Brother, this night our souls may be demanded at our hands. I wish to familiarize myself with death. After vespers you shall read the service of the dead to me. I never hear it without feeling my mind purified, and elevated above the earth. I have some thoughts of having all the ceremonies of religion performed over me, as if I were dead. But of that another time; the bell has ceased to call to vespers, let us go. (*Exeunt.*)

—
Cast Iron Window Sashes.—A gentleman once advertised in an Irish paper, *cast iron window sashes*; after enumerating their peculiar advantages, he sums up all by stating, that they would last for ever, and afterwards sell for old iron.

DERWENT-WATER AND SKIDDAW.

Deep stillness lies on all this lovely lake.
The air is calm: the forest trees are still:
The river windeth without noise, and here
The fall of fountains comes not, nor the sound
Of the white cataract Lodore: The voice—
The mighty mountain voice—itself is dumb.
Only, far distant and scarce heard, the dash
Of waters, broken by some boatman's oar,
Disturbs the golden calm monotony.

—The earth seems quiet, like some docile
thing

Obeys the blue beauty of the skies;
And the soft air, through which the tempest
ran

So lately in its speed, rebels no more:
The clouds are gone which but this morning
gloom'd

Round the great Skiddaw; and he, wide re-
veal'd,

Outdurer of the storms, now sleeps secure
Beneath the watching of the holy moon.

But a few hours ago and sounds were heard
Through all the region: Rain and the white
hail sang

Amongst the branches, and this placid lake
Teased into mutiny: its waves (these waves
That lie like shining silver motionless)
Then shamed their gentle natures, rose up
Lashing their guardian banks, and, with wild
cries

Complaining, call'd to all the echoes round,
And answer'd rudely the rude winds, which
then

Cast discord in the waters, until they
Amongst themselves waged wild and glitter-
ing war.

Oh! could imagination now assume
The powers it lavish'd in the by-gone days
On Fauns and Naiads, or in later times
Village religion or wild fable flung
O'er sylphs and gnomes and fairies, fancies
strange,

Here would I now compel to re-appear
Before me,—here, upon the moon-lit grass,
Titania, blue-eyed queen, brightest and first
Of all the shapes which trod the emerald rings
At midnight, or beneath the stars drank
merrily

The wild-rose dews, or framed their potent
charms

And here should princely Oberon, sad no
more,

Be seen low whispering in his beauty's ear,
While round about their throne the fays
should dance;

Others the while, tending that peerless pair,
Should fill with odorous juices cups of flow-
ers.—

Here—yet not so: from out thy watery home
Deep sunk beneath thy all storms and bil-
lows, thou

Shouldst not be torn:—Sleep in thy coral
cave,

Lonely and unalarm'd, for ever sleep,
White Galatea!—for thou wast indeed
The fairest among all the forms which left
Their haunts—the gentle air, or ocean wide
River, or fount, or forest, to bestow
High love on man;—but, rather, let me now
From these so witching fancies turn away,
Lest I, beguiled too far, forget the scenes
Before me, bright as aught in fairy lands.

Skiddaw! Eternal mountain, hast thou been
Rock'd to the slumber by the howling winds,
Or has the thunder or the lightning blue
Scared thee to quiet?—to the sounding blast
Thou gavest answer, and when thou didst
dash

The white hail in its puny rage aside,
Thou wast not dumb, nor to the rains when
they

Ran trembling from thee:—me thou an-
swer'st not.

Art thou indignant then, or hear I not?
Or, like the double-visaged god who sate
Within the Roman temples, dost thou keep
High watch above the northern floods to
warn

Lone ships from erring, while thy southern
front

Is seal'd in sleep?—thy lofty head has long
Stood up an everlasting mark to all
Who wander: happy now wretch, whose
barque

Has drifted from its path since set of sun,
Beholds thee shine, and kneeling pours his
soul

In thanks to Heaven, or towards his cottage
home

Shouts amidst tears, or laughter sad as tears.

—And shall I, while these things may be,
complain?

Never: in silence as in sound thou art
A thing of grandeur; and throughout the
year

Thy high protecting presence (let not this
Be forgot ever) turns aside the winds
Which else might kill the flowers of this
sweet vale. B.

STANZAS,

*Written, after viewing one evening, from Yar-
mouth Jetty, the Sea in a luminous state.*

Behold, on the bosom of Ocean, how fire
With flame lights the foam of each kind-
ling wave;

And let us this magic of nature admire,
Which bids fiery water the strand thus to
lave!

Dark, dark is the surface, like Julia's eye:
Yet where the oars dash, golden lustre ap-
pears:

As in that deep azure we oft may descry
All the the flash of the lightning as seen
through her tears.

Tho' silence and gloom all encircle around,
These rays vivid lustre to night can impart
Like that eye, which in sadness, however
profound,

Can irradiate my hopes, while its beams
cheer my heart.

Yes! such were the fires that, the main erst
illuming,

Burst forth when fair Venus arose from
the waters;—

And now, all the charm of that moment re-
suming,

They sport on the waves where still bathe
her fair daughters.

These flames are the traces which beauty
hath left

Behind in the flood to enchant and delight;
For when earth is of sun and its radiance
bereft,

Still, like beauty, they glow in the dark-
ness of night.

SONG.

I saw her but a lover's hour,
That beauty without beauty's pride,
As humble as the wayside flower
That blushing droops when fondly eyed.
Her hair was like the golden rays
That fall on mountain-heads of snow;
And angels might with wonder gaze
Upon the whiteness of her brow.

Her eyes were like twin violets,
The violets of the sunny south,
Which dewy Morn delighted wet
And kisses with delicious mouth;
Her cheek was pale as the wan moon,
The young moon of the virgin year,
When as her night is past its noon,
And the warm-kissing sun is near.

Her closed mouth was like a bud
Full of the balmy breath of May;
Her voice was like a summer-flood
That noiseless steals its gentle way;
Its sound on Memory's ear will start
Like to a sweet forgotten tune,
Whose echoes live within a heart
That what it loves forgets not soon.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

From the Dutch of Dirk Smith.

A host of Angels flying,
Through cloudless skies impell'd,
Upon the earth beheld
A pearl of beauty lying,
Worthy to glitter bright
In Heaven's vast halls of light.

They saw, with glances tender,
An infant newly born,
O'er whom life's earliest morn
Just cast its opening splendour:
Virtue it could not know,
Nor vice, nor joy, nor woe.
The blest angelic legion
Greeted its birth above,
And came, with looks of love,
From Heaven's enchanting region:
Bending their winged way
To where the infant lay.
They spread their pinions o'er it,—
That little pearl which shone
With lustre all its own,—
And then on high they bore it,
Where glory has its birth;—
But left the shell on earth.

GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY February 24

Alnwick Castle, with other Poems. New-York. G. & C. Carrill. 1827.

The only regret we feel with regard to this volume is that it is not more voluminous. Every thing from the pen of its accomplished author attracts admiration and imparts delight. Mr. Hallock possesses more versatility of genius than any other poet in America. He has tried the gay and witty, the pathetic, and the sublime, and in all he has been eminently successful. In the latter his splendid lines on the "American Flag," are an honourable evidence of lofty thought and ardent imagination. "Fanny" and the inimitable "Croakers" are a charming display of wit without rudeness, and satire without heartlessness. We have read over and over every line that Mr. Halleck ever published, and in all his gay and sparkling satire we do not remember a single instance of ill-nature. This is honorable to one who has satirized so much and so well.

"Alnwick Castle," the "Death of Marco Bozzaries" and the tribute to the memory of Robert Burns are the longest pieces in this collection. We refrain from extracts, solely because they are familiar to every reader of poetry, and we shall not comment on their beauties, because they are universally appreciated and extolled. We presume they must contain faults, (as nothing is faultless,) but we have searched and scanned for half an hour and cannot find them.

Our first extract is the following affecting tribute to departed worth.

ON THE DEATH OF
JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE,

Of New-York, Sept. 1820.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!

None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine;

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
And fell I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

In the following poem Mr. Hallock has brought together many beautiful images and poetical similes:—

LOVE.

—The imperial votress passed on
In maiden meditation, fancy free.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score
again?

BENEDICT, in Much Ado about Nothing.

When the tree of Love is budding first,
Ere yet its leaves are green,
Ere yet, by shower and sunbeam nurst
Its infant life has been;
The wild bee's slightest touch might wring
The buds from off the tree,
As the gentle dip of the swallow's wing
Breaks the bubbles on the sea.

But when its open leaves have found
A home in the free air,
Pluck them, and there remains a wound
That ever rankles there.
The blight of hope and happiness
Is felt when fond ones part,
And the bitter tear that follows is
The life-blood of the heart.

When the flame of love is kindled first,
'Tis the fire-fly's light at even,
'Tis dim as the wandering stars that burst
In the blue of the summer heaven.
A breath can bid it burn no more,
Or if, at times, its beams
Come on the memory, they pass o'er
Like shadows in our dreams.

But when that flame has blazed into
A being and a power,
And smiled in scorn upon the dew
That fell in its first warm hour,

'Tis the flame that curls round the martyr's
head,

Whose task is to destroy;
'Tis the lamp on the altars of the dead,
Whose light is not of joy!

Then crush, even in their hour of birth,
The infant buds of Love,
And tread his growing fire to earth,
Ere 'tis dark in clouds above;
Cherish no more a cypress tree
To shade thy future years,
Nor nurse a heart flame that may be
Quenched only with thy tears.

From the verses entitled "Magdalen" we take the subsequent fine expression of the passion and the influence of love. The lines are written for an officer on his way to Greece; the Author requests the reader to presume that this officer died there. This we are willing to take for granted, and although the officer may be dead in Greece, he is living and will live forever in song.

I could have left but yesterday
The scene of my boy-years behind,
And floated on my careless way
Wherever willed the breathing wind.
I could have bade adieu to aught
I've sought, or met, or welcomed here,
Without an hour of shaded thought,
A sigh, a murmur, or a tear.
Such was I yesterday,—but then
I had not known thee, Magdalen,

To-day there is a change within me,
There is a weight upon my brow,
And Fame, whose whispers once could win
me
From all I loved, is powerless now.
There ever is a form, a face
Of maiden beauty in my dreams,
Speeding before me, like the race
To ocean of the mountain streams—
With dancing hair, and laughing eyes,
That seem to mock me as it flies.

My sword—it slumbers in its sheath;
My hopes—their starry light is gone;
My heart—the fabled clock of death
Beats with the same low, lingering tone:
And this, the land of Magdalen,
Seems now the only spot on earth
Where skies are blue and flowers are green
And here I'd build my household hearth,
And breathe my song of joy, and twine
A lovely being's name with mine.

In vain! in vain! the sail is spread;
To sea! to sea! my task is there;
But when among the unrequited dead
They lay me, and the ocean air
Brings tidings of my day of doom,
May'st thou be then, as now thou art,
The load-star of a happy home;
In smile and voice, in eye and heart

The same as thou hast ever been,
The loved, the lovely Magdalen.

But we must cease our extracts. In conclusion we have to express a hope that the present volume may be a prelude to more from the pen of a writer so deservedly popular, and who unites with the worth of a man of genius the feelings and the manners of a gentleman.

Mr. Forrest.—In our columns, many critiques have appeared on the Tragedian, whose name stands at the head of this article: he made his first appearance at the Bowery in *Othello*, and we believe we were among the first to speak of him as a first rate actor. By many we were accused of speaking too warmly in his praise, but since then, all that we said, has been confirmed by various critics both of this city, and elsewhere. He has for two weeks past, been performing in Boston, with much credit to himself, and profit to the managers; to show how he is esteemed there, we take pleasure in copying the following article from the Boston Traveller.

"On Friday evening, *William Tell* was performed by Mr. Forrest; and viewing it as whole, the "Hero of the Lakes," had never a better representative here. Macready's *Tell*, though a noble picture, was at times too lofty, too dignified, too much of the Roman. We particularly allude to the scene of his exit in chains.—*Forrest* certainly improved upon *Macready* in this point. Though he partook less of the grand which distinguished that great tragedian in the character, he to our view, had more of the natural."

Tell was a mountaineer—generous, fearless, enthusiastic, in love with liberty; of course, deeply touched with that romantic spirit which the rock, the cataract, and the towering peak are so likely to inspire. Our object, however, when we speak of Mr. *Forrest*, is not to draw parallels between him and the conspicuous masters of the British stage.—He is able to stand on his own merits, distinct from theirs, and he will do so. Going on as he has begun, we hesitate not to say, that time and experience, will rank him among the first in the histrionic art of any nation or age.

* If possible, we should be extremely gratified to see his engagement renewed.—He is growing fast in favor with the Boston public and as his talents become more known, curiosity is increased to witness their development.

Editorial Note, with a prospect and retrospect. Our next No. will consist chiefly of *title-pages* and *indices* to the two volumes of the instant year of the Gazette and Athenæum. After which the said work slumbers in peace,

(we trust not in oblivion) killed by our own hands, and not by the weapons of its enemies.

We, (with the readers permission the first person singular shall be used in this article) I have made a fair experiment of the worth of literary papers in this country, and after being cheated, swindled, plundered, &c. I have arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that literature, *per se*, is not the path to prosperity or power. I started the Gazette under peculiar promises of influence, which promises were "weighed in the balance and found wanting," yet, nevertheless, I kept the Gazette in existence. I formed a partnership rashly and imprudently, with a cunning, managing sort of a genius, dissolved it in a few weeks, and found myself a loser to the tune of—as matter show much. Under the pressing embarrassments, which arose in consequence, my exertions have kept the Gazette in existence until this time, and if I chose, it could make its weekly bow for all time to come, or rather as a will would say "during my natural life." But I do not choose! I have learned some prudence, and deem it best to retreat in time, before I become irretrievably involved.

It is best to speak frankly and openly; the Gazette has always been an unprofitable concern. This has arisen from two causes; the impositions and frauds which have been practised upon me, and the want of faith on the part of those I have had to deal with, subscribers and others. Perhaps it will be modesty to add that a third cause may be found in my unacquaintedness with business, my credulity and misplaced confidence. I have sacrificed nearly two years of the best part of my life in thankless and profitless labours, I have been abused, slandered, persecuted and back-bitten, by a host of disappointed geniuses, slighted upstarts, impudent pretenders, and exposed hypocrites. I have been barked at by bulldogs, and snarled at by puppies, brayed at by asses and mewed at by cats, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have raised against me as virulent a set of aspersers and scandalizers, as a man could wish to keep him in order. Now all this is not particularly pleasant. It is not every man who is fond of being bitten in the back, of being the theme of malignant misrepresentation, unblushing falsehoods and impudent abuse. But on the other side, if I have gained enemies, I have gained friends, although good-will is by no means so strong a principle as manoeuvence. I can number on the list of my upholders and subscribers many of the most respectable and honorable names in this city, men who pursue an independent course themselves, and who approve it in others.

The present is the age of humbug and pretension. Vice assumes the address of virtue, impudence puts on the plumes of honor, and shameful ignorance wears the cap of educa-

tion and science. The name of a scholar can be acquired without study, a book of quotations makes a learned man, and *Lamperie's Dictionary* completes a classical scholar. And this goes down too with the public. To be sure the said public's eyes will be opened, sooner or later, and blockheads and ignoramus exposed in their gross deformity. It is generally supposed that an Editor should be an accomplished scholar, that his mind should be disciplined by long and severe study, that he should possess the urbanity of a gentleman with the power of a man of talents. All this is unnecessary; the secret of literary success in this community lies in one word, and that word is *impudence*. This being the case, I beg leave to retire from the field of literary glory. I have enough of it. I do not like the competition, I decline the fight, I acknowledge my inability, I am not provided with the ammunition of impudence.

The life of a literary Editor is a sort of pandemonium. All the devils (printer's devils not excepted) are let loose upon him. *Poetasters* and *poetastresses* beset him, the genius of prose jogs his elbows perpetually, vanity begs him for a puff and love of notoriety coaxes him for a notice. What is he to do with them all? Treat them with merited contempt? Woe to the man that does so! for they are unsparing and unforgiving, and they will stop at nothing to gratify their vengeance. We aver, (we again become plural) gentle reader, that we have been pelted not a little with the mud-balls of such and similar persons. We have been called dissipated because we dine out occasionally, and because we do not skulk into a corner when we take our morning luncheon; we have been called aristocratic, because we do not think it right to invite our chimney-sweep to our sociability and fire-side, and oh ye heavens! we have been called envious, because we have never praised blockheads and *soidisant* geniuses! This is the most dreadful of all! Every novelist of *Boetia* and every poet of *Somnus*, has sworn point-blank that we are destitute of taste, principle and judgment. What next, oh Phœbus!

Yet in spite of all this and "more, much more," the editorial life is a pleasant one; so much so, that we have determined incessing to appear *weekly* to appear *daily* in the "Morning Chronicle." It starts under different circumstances from our slaughtered Gazette, and its success is certain, if industry and attention can retain the ample patronage which already is ours. In doing this, as we appear six days in the week instead of one, we make our calculations to receive six times the quantity of abuse and slander which we have received in our weekly career. We dare say we shall not be disappointed.

For the last twelve months, we have been

with our Gazette like a hen with one chick; it has been a cause of more trouble and fuss to us than a whole brood. As to the primal cause and the origin of all its difficulties, it is not necessary to speak at present. "*Hereafter, as may be.*" It is now "*civiliter mortuus*," viz. it has died a civil death, like Captain Morgan.—*Requiescat in tumulto.*

On the first of March our city subscribers will be furnished with the "*Morning Chronicle*," and our country subscribers with the semi-weekly paper. Should any of them be disposed to discontinue their names in consequence of the new order of things, they will please to give information at the office of the "*Morning Chronicle*," 5 William-st. upon the receipt of the first No.

THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

The undersigned purpose issuing a daily morning journal, under the above title, to be devoted to Commerce, Literature, and Politics.—It will be commenced on the first day of March, printed on the largest size sheet of paper, of a superior quality to any now in use in this city. Its contents will be classed under appropriate heads, in such manner as to enable its readers to refer to subjects on which they may desire information without difficulty, as follows:

FIRST PAGE.

1st Head.—Packets, Steamboats, and Stages, and all the principal post-routes, with prices, time of arrival and departure in the United States; to which will be added the bank note tables and money currency.

2d.—The shipping advertisements.

3d.—The Literary and Miscellaneous departments, embracing the fashions and general amusements of the day.

SECOND PAGE.

1st Head.—Ship news, Commercial intelligence, and all news or discussions of interest to the Mercantile community.

2d.—Domestic intelligence, national and local politics; reports of proceedings in the national and state legislatures, and in the Common Council; of cases in the Police, in courts of Oyer and Terminer, Sessions, &c.

3d.—Advertising notices for the day.

THIRD PAGE.

1st Head.—Mercantile advertisements, to be classed by articles in alphabetical order; containing article, name, and place, in one line; forming a brief directory for the convenience of purchasers.

2d.—Review of the market: sales of principal articles the day previous, and quantity remaining on hand.

3d.—Auction Sales.

FOURTH PAGE.

1st. Head.—Lottery advertisements.

2d.—Mechanics and Miscellaneous.

3d.—Insurance advertisements and official notices.

4th.—List of Subscribers to the paper, who are men of business, with their residence and occupation.

A semi-weekly paper will be issued from the same office, which will contain all articles from the daily Journal that may be thought interesting, with additions useful to the politician, the agriculturist, and the manufacturers.

Arrangement of the principal departments. Mr. Roberts will take charge of the Political, Mr. Baldwin of the Commercial, and Mr. Brooks of the Literary. Each department to be exclusively under the management and control of the person to whom it is assigned. Mr. Lawton, educated to, and familiar with, the general pursuits of his profession, is engaged, and will devote his time to the Reviews of the Market, and an experienced reporter will be constantly employed.

Location and arrangement of offices.—There will be two Bulletin and business offices opened. One for the accommodation of the lower part of the city, in the vicinity of the New Exchange, and the other for the accommodation of the citizens of the upper part, in the neighbourhood of Chatham-square. At each office will be kept an Advertising Leger, in which the seller can record the articles he may have on hand, and the purchaser refer for information.

Terms.—Daily paper 10 dollars per annum, payable quarterly: yearly advertisers 40 dollars. Country paper 4 dollars, payable in advance, or 5 dollars half yearly; yearly advertisers in the semi-weekly paper 25 dollars. For all other advertising or business transactions a table of prices will be regulated at the offices, and all advertisements not yearly must be paid for before inserted.

ELIJAH J. ROBERTS,
Late Editor of the N. Y. National Advocate.

CHARLES N. BALDWIN,
Late Editor of the Republican Chronicle,
and Scrutinizer.

JAMES G. BROOKS,
Editor of the Literary Gazette.

JAMES LAWTON.

New-York, Feb. 7, 1827.

N. B.—Subscription papers may be returned to Tammany Hall until our offices are arranged. Our friends will confer a favour by sending in their lists by the 25th of February.

MISCELLANY.

FEMALE BEAUTY.—Beautiful women, unless they think the homage paid to mere beauty a sufficient triumph—an homage which the want of mental excellencies must soon deaden into a form, in the soul even of the varnest trifle, which no woman, with a grain of sense, would think worth a straw, which must grow less with facial decay, and die with the beauty that raised it—should set it off with intellectual, and, if the higher kinds of them be out of their reach, with moral charms—charms which make bright eyes and lips irresistible, which do not fade as the wrinkles thicken on the face, and which, when the beauty of forms and color has gone, live in no fable second youth, by being seen associated with the spiritual embellishments of their bloom. And those less fortunate females, who cannot set up in beauty, need not lose heart, inasmuch as those spiritual ornaments, the success of which is as certain as the physical kind, are within their reach. Who ever beheld a mother's love and did not feel it beautiful? I have seen many eyes, from the dark floating ones of the Persian, to the hazy colorless ones which have at rest no speculation, but I never saw a pair lit up by intellect that I did not think beautiful. I have seen pale cheeks upon which

"The rival rose—more fair
Than morning light their mingling tints dispose;"
but I never saw one that I did not think beautiful, if gentleness, or sweetness, or melting charity were painted on it. Our Shakspeare says, and truly—
"There's no deformity, but in the mind,
None can be called ugly, but the unkind."

A FRAGMENT.—Swiftly glide our years— they follow each other like the waves of ocean. Memory calls up the persons we once knew, the scenes in which we once were actors; they appear before the mind like the phantoms of a night vision. Behold the boy rejoicing in the gaiety of his soul,—the wheels of time cannot move too rapidly for him—the light of hope dances in his eye—the smile of expectation plays upon his lips—he looks forward to long years of joy to come—his spirit burns within him when he hears of great men, and mighty deeds—he wants to be a man—he longs to mount the hill of ambition, to tread the paths of honor, to hear the shouts of applause. Look at him again—he is now in the meridian of life—care has stamped its wrinkle upon his brow—disappointment has dimmed the lustre of his eye—sorrow has thrown its gloom upon his countenance—he looks back upon the waking dreams of his youth, and sighs for their futility—each revolving year

seems to diminish something from his little stock of happiness, and he discovers—that the season of youth—when the pulse of anticipation beats high—is the only season of enjoyment. Who is of the aged looks! His form is bent and totters—his footsteps move more rapidly towards the tomb—he looks back upon the past—his days appear to have been few, and he confesses that they were evil—the magnificence of the great is to him vanity—the hilarity of youth, fully; he considers how soon the gloom of death must overshadow the one, and disappointment end the other; the world presents little to attract and nothing to delight him; still, however, he would linger in it, still he would lengthen out of his days; though of “beauty’s bloom,” of “fancy’s flash,” of “music’s breath,” he is forced to exclaim, “I have no pleasure in them.” A few more years of infirmity, inanity, and pain, must consign him to idocy or the grave—yet this was the gay, the generous, the high souled boy, who beheld his ascending path of life strewn with flowers without a thorn. Such is human life—but but such cannot be the ultimate destinies of man.—*Boston Traveller.*

Captain Morgan.—Public feeling is so much interested and alarmed for the fate of Morgan, that it would be criminal to keep it in longer suspense. We have waited some time for the report of the Committees appointed to detail the result of their investigations; but as that report will not appear for several days, we feel constrained to express our worst apprehensions in relation to Morgan. We have been unwilling to believe that respectable men, in a civilized country and enlightened age, could be so infatuated as to perpetrate a deliberate murder. But circumstances and facts which can no longer be resisted, now force this horrible conviction upon us! Morgan was murdered at Fort Niagara, not by an ordinary assassin, but by men of standing and intelligence, acting under a strong but delusive sense of duty. No other rational conclusion can be drawn from the facts which have been developed. Morgan has been distinctly traced, stage by stage, to Fort Niagara, where he was left in the hands of men who refuse to account for him. The Magazine of the Fort, in which he was lodged, has been searched, and furnished most conclusive evidence, that the foul deed was there perpetrated. Nine persons assembled at a house near the Fort after eleven o’clock, and were seen leaving there about four in the morning of the night which terminated Morgan’s existence. A respectable citizen of Niagara, who is a mason, has revealed facts derived from two other masons, one of whom was concerned in the murder, that

will shock and startle the boldest heart.—He says that Morgan was condemned and executed in the manner which the oaths he had violated prescribe *by having his throat cut, his tongue cut out and buried in the sand, and his body sunk in the depths of the lake!*

This relation is too appalling to be credited, and yet we are not at liberty to doubt it. The same misguided zeal which collected and armed an hundred men at Batavia, the same infatuation which applied the torch of the incendiary to Miller’s office, fed and inflamed by multiplied embarrassments, made them reckless of all consequences—a deep and strong delusion came over them, and they were left to perpetrate a horrible crime in a manner too atrocious for humanity to contemplate without shuddering. *Rochester Telegraph.*

THE ODD FAMILY.

In the reign of King William the third, there resided at Ipswich a family, which from the number of peculiarities belonging to it, was distinguished by the name of the *odd family*. Every event remarkably good or bad happened to this family on an odd day of the month, and every member had something odd in his or her person, manner or behaviour—the very letters in their christian names always happened to be an odd number. The husband’s name was Peter, and his wife’s Rahab; they had seven children, all boys, viz. Solomon, Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, David and Ezekiel. The husband had but one leg, his wife but one arm, Solomon was born blind of the left eye, and Rogers lost his sight by accident. James had his left ear bit off by a boy in a quarrel, and Matthew was born with only three fingers on his right hand. Jonas had a stump foot, and David was hump-backed. All these, except David were remarkably short while Ezekiel was six feet one inch high at the age of 19. The stump-footed Jonas, and hump-backed David got wives of fortune, but no girls in the borough would listen to the addresses of their brothers. The husband’s hair was black as jet, and the wife’s remarkably white, yet the children’s hair was red. The husband was killed by accidentally falling into a deep pit in the year 1701; and his wife refusing a kind of sustenance, died five days after him. In the year 1703, Ezekiel enlisted as a grenadier, and although he was afterwards wounded in 23 places, he recovered. Roger, James, Jonas and David, it appears by the church register, died in different places, and were buried on the same day, in the year 1713; and Solomon and Ezekiel were drowned together in crossing the Thames, in the year 1723.

THE UNCONSCIOUS CLERK.

Some time ago, the clerk of one of the chapels at Birmingham, previous to the commencement of the service, dirtied his hands with putting some coals on the fire, and unconsciously rubbing his face, besmeared it so as to resemble a son of Vulcan. He turned into the reading desk, where he naturally attracted much attention, which was considerably increased, when he gave out the first line of the hymn. “Behold the brightness of my face.” The congregation could no longer preserve their gravity, and an involuntary laugh burst from every corner of the chapel.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

INTOXICATION.

A simple remedy has been discovered, which effectually cures habitual drunkards and tipplers, and renders them totally adverse to spirituous potations in any shape. A considerable number, who have derived lasting benefit from the medicine offered, stand ready to corroborate, with the most conclusive testimony, what is here publicly avowed, with regard to the efficacy of the remedy. Their names will hereafter be deposited with the editor, to whom in due season, reference will be made, leaving to his delicacy and discretion to communicate them to those who may apply for information, or to state the facts concerning their former habits. This remedy will be administered gratis to those who are in indigent circumstances.

All orders, post-paid, will be promptly attended to, by addressing the application to Dr Chambers, Agent at the Medical Store, at the corner of Broadway and Broome street, New-York, where the medicine is sold. Jan. 13.

BOOK BINDING.

THE subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and the public, that he still continues the Book Binding Business, in all its various branches, at No. 35 Cross-street, where all who favour him with a call may rest assured their work shall be executed with neatness and despatch.

Blank Books ruled and bound, and warranted to be equal to any in the city.

A general assortment of Blank Books for sale.

JOHN H. MINUSE.

N. B. Subscribers to the “Literary Gazette” can have their volumes bound in calf, or any kind of binding, by sending them to the above place.

Music Books, gentlemen’s libraries, old books, and publications, bound to any pattern, and at the shortest notice. July 1.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

JAMES G. BROOKS,

EDITOR, PUBLISHER, AND PROPRIETOR.

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